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the marrying fever a still colder

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J. W. BILLER, Mangr., no. Woodstock, Va.

on the rocks making all the fuss away. In the mean time the whole Polly, dear, come here. This is it could to attract as much atten. United States navy, ducking their Dick Warner." tion as possible. To keep this un- heads one after the other, could 'I thought it was Cousin Joeruly sea in any kind of subjection sink off this very station. station on the rim of the gray self.'

and of ice covering it.

Said Uncle Ronald to Aunt Nabby in the hearing of Polly at the window:

Tdlike to have you, Nabby, swiftly. clean up at the station, if you will, sweep round and so on. Nothin' t'other side of the back pasture'.'

'I will. Ronald." Renald Ricker left the room.

"Polly, soon as I have finished SPECIFICS are scientifically these ere doughnuts-theu-come prepared Remedies; have on! cried Aunt Nabby, 'We will been used for half a century run that life-savin' station this forenoon. They shall have a female the outer door. erew today. You get the brooms ready. It is a worn-out thing down at the station. We'll be lively and

> that soon.' A smart but sprightly broom-bri gade soon charged on the station and captured it without difficulty. Windows were thrown up, the L' brooms set to whisking, and the

The nving room below, the men's "77" for GRIP. swept. The boat-room with jits pulled it through the low-ranning of the Designets, or and propose on receipt of price. apparatus of sorf-boat and breech surf, and soon alongside the es-buoy, life-car and Lyle gun, schooner in distress. and he stood on tiptoe that she She was a short Polly and the mantel-piece was a high one, so that there was no other thing to de

than to stand on tiptoe while she gazed at two taces and wondered, The bed look all right, said covered with bedding and set in money, carried up the sands, and Polly, though young, was old two prim rews along the northern then the sailor said; enough to take a very positive inand southern walls of the room. terest in masculine faces. She had .Yes, they look all right, but I make more room for the next load, already decided which one she know those men didn't sweep on with cap'n or any one that comes," would like to marry, and, would

nish, Wall Paper. Full line of all kinds broken a voice, 'Polly, my dear, as railed about, and supporting a folia. Agent for L. & M. Pare Paints. stlence because only a picture, for need be, a signal could be run up house. which reason nobody could claim to the top of the staff, and any As if looking behind and discredit for unusual discretion of needy craft on the water promptly covered her thoughts the sallor speech for a man. Yes, dumb, instructed.

"Guess women's eves can see as quick as men's murmured Polly,

steps to the lookout she halted in a little recess and examined the box of signals kept there. Since her arrival she had been very much interested in the signal department, and, instructed by Uncle Konaid, telt that she could now handle those signals as readily as the keeper himself.

whom I never saw only in his pic had kissed the picture the very ture, were off on the water and needed some signaling from the the crew agoin' to the station.'

was not given, though, to 'peekin'.' shore!" That very moment she was frying If she had allowed the prompt- from the schooner, which all doughnuts because Polly liked ings of her heart and the signal this time was settling. With the them. The other picture 'on the vocabulary permitted, she would last boat load came the captain. mantel-piece was that of an honest, have at once signaled, I love thee, Polly started when she saw him reliable soul; but Poliy had no Joseph.' But he was just Cousin step on the sands. Why hadn't affection for him. She was a visi- Joe, and repressing any demon- she seen it while he was in the tor under the roof, and in the two strations of special interest, she boat nearing the land? If Cousin weeks that her visit had stretched lifted the scuttle in the roof, threw Joe's picture had left the mantelacross, she had not learned very it back, climbed upon the platform, piece, and turning up, had stepp-

but I had rather marry a hand- tress' was fluttering above the ing her arms about him. some sailor than a homely, stiff vessel. Should Polly ran down to 'I-I-I-I stammered the young bling with old age, for he had only get Uncle Ronald? When in som- man, blushing, through not dis-She was thinking that the hand. doors and vacant rooms at the my whole heart for helping us so some sailor was only Cousin Joe station, any disastor might happen nobly, but I am not your Cousin She hesitated a moment, kissed on the water, the proper procedure Joe, sorry to say!" the photegraph again and then was to run for the keeper and went downstairs to look out of a notify him. At the head of as window fronting the sea and to many of the old cre \* as he could confusion, starting back. gather from cornfields and fish. Another voice; though Everybody in the neighborhood houses the keeper hurried to the speaking-somebody from the prematurely old. He had been exposed was a puzzle, imitators make their penhad something to do with the sea, station, operating as might be ad- station-and laughing heartily. had something to do with the sea, station, operating as might be ad-which was only a bit of a way off visable. Uncle Ronald, though, 'Dick Warner, I do declare -ha, and now in the tempest. He had been of incapacity. Then there are some and kept pounding night and day was off on a 'tater patch,' a mile hal Glad to see ver hum! Poily,

Uncle Ronald Ricker was the this station today? soliloquized low her bead. keeper of the yellow life-saving Polly, 'I'll answer that signal my-

Uncle Ronald was a big, burly, shore that if her sails had been good-natured kind of a fellow, set the appropriate signal would Yes, the real Cousin Joe came agitated nerves make the hand quake. Aunt Nabby was a slim, slender have been the JD of the internation come home soon, and just in time on the come home soon, and just in time woman, whose thoughts were jonal code of signals, 'You are to hear of the engagement between be called a drunkard? But Christ was woman, whose thoughts were ional code of signals. 'You are to nearly the day and the standing in to dauger.' but this standing in to dauger.' but this a certain young female suriman day wants to be called one. What respecter of the Lord's day wants to be called a Sabbath breaker? But he was called one. What man carespartled like a run of brook water if meaning to halt anyway, and New York Ledger. the day the spring has lifted the then she had a suspictous look, as

if sinking. Til let them know they are reognized, and that they may expect help,' thought Polly, working

shose head now flottered thidoin' there in summer, but I want signal like a tongue of cherring to keep things sort er slicked up, speech, Polly ran down the short and I'll low you pay for it. I've stairway into the crew's nightgot to be off to my tater patch quarters, than down the stairs, dropping to the kitchen, and crted

in jerks: 'Oh-oh! Auntie-quick! Dan-

ger!

·Quick! She was now darting through

Git your uncle, Polly!

'Too-too-far off! Comel'

'Good for ye!' cried Auut Nabby

They rush uncle's boat down to headquarters by day, speedily was the firm, shelving sands. They

prompt attention, and this floor bringing a box to the vessol's rail declared a cramped hand means also was thoroughly swept. Aunt We ran on the rock in the night, Nabby remained to do some lost our boat though we got off hand a facile and liberal spirit. But if 'cleanin' out' behind the door the rock, started a leak, and have there be snything in this science, there "cleanin" out' behind the door the rock, started a leak, and have must be some rules not yet announced where one of the other but less been settin ever since—there, I'll for some of the boldest and most ag particular crew had left a beap of go back with ye. Then I'll pull gressive men have a delicate and small dirt. Polly singing away, went off and get another load. Cap'n is penmanship, while some of the most upstairs hopping like a robin from in the cabin getting things up. old of the mascuine crew's quar- too. Ready? Hum-now? All

together. Pali! The boat was rowed ashore, the Polly, eying six iron beds, neatly box, precious with papers and

'Lemme go back alone. I will der the beds. N.o, before I sweep 'I won't marry that 'captain, she have been surprised if some I'll take a look off from the look- running on a rock,' thought Polly. He must be scupid and homely.

This was a platform on the roof, Give me a handsome sallor.' She thought of Cousin Joe and flig-staff. Here on clear days a the homely captain perchod in But he had maintained a grave watch was kept by the surfmen. If state on the mantel-piece at the

'It wasn't the fault of our cap'n that we were on that rock, or nary-

body's. Things will happen, you 'I wouldn't marry him any way,'

silently resolved Polly. the surf, Aunt Nabby said:

'Now. Polly, we are the crew to day you know, and must do jest as a crew does to the shipwrecked. I'll start a fire in the kitchen stove in the station. I saw some coffee and sugar there in the pantry, and I'il git some milk and cake and biskit. We'll fix 'em. You watch by the stuff, as it comes. Rest of

Load after load was safely brought

'Oh, the other is a seaman only; Whoever it was, a signal of 'dis- ing as high as she could and throw-

mer, during the season of closed pleased. 'I-I-thank you with

Not Poliv's Cousin Joe! 'Why, why!' she murmured, in

shat picture on the mantel piece,' every one must do something. -Wasu't a female crew running sid Polly blushing and hanging he saw a fig tree in the way he came to the magnitude. We have not been sure

You made a mistake. Cousin Joe the hand tremble worse than hunger, firmative or negative. Through indistinct penmanship last wills and testand for it pulls upon the stomach, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the orphans robbed of their inheritance.

#### HIS UNIQUE SERMON.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON DIVINE CHIROGRAPHY.

Home-Names Written In the Book of Eternal Life-Ink Made From the Cal-

his, one of the most unique sermons Dr. Talmage ever preached. It is as novel as wide sweeping and practical. His subject is 'Divine Chirography. the text being Luke x, 20, "Rejoice

Chirography, or the art of handwriting, like the science of acoustics, is in very unsatisfactory state. While con-structing a church, and told by some architects that the voice would not be heard in a building shaped like that proposed, I came in much anxiety to this city and consulted with Professor And Nabby sprang after Polly. | Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian insti-'Let's-take-uncle's-boat, Aunt | tution about the law of acoustics. He said: "Go ahead and build your church We go off?

'Yes—yes! You can row; so can laws of sound perhaps more than any man of my time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditoriums may seem to mark of a quivering pen, for did you may be good and in the other bad."

In the same unsatisfactory stage is chirography, although many declare they have reduced it to a science. There are those who say they can read character by handwriting. It is said that the way one writes the letter "I" decides cramped nature, and an easy, flowing and width and scope of the name of step to step, landing on the thresh You are good to come off -women John Hancock on the immortal docuand thought present their blotted and spattered page, and some of the roughest put before us an immaculate chirography. Not our character, but the copy plate set before us in our schoolboy day lecides the general style of our handpenmanship, and for one decade the let ters are exaggerated and in the next minified, now erect and now aslant, now heavy and now fine. An autograph im is always a surprise, and you find the penmanship contradicts the character of the writers. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertain, our blessed Lord in our text presents the chirography celestial. When addressing the 70 disciples standing before him, he said, "Rejoice because your

names are written in heaven. The Book of Life. Of course the Bible, for the most art, when speaking of the heavenly ing about book, and about trumpets, and about wings, and about gates, and about golden pavements, and about orchards with 12 crops of fruit—one crop each month—and about the white horses of heaven's cavalry. But we do well to follow out these inspired meta-phors and reap from them courage and him. I died for him. I am going to haps there are many volumes in it. When we say a book, we mean all written by the author on that subject. I to fetch him here. cannot tell how large those heavenly slide, but he has got to come here. By nor whether they are pictorialized with some exciting scenes of this world. I only know that the words have not been am going to see him through." Bold impressed by type, but written out by some hand, and that all those who, like ever written to write my name there the 70 disciples to whom the text was spoken, repent and trust the Lord for their eternal salvation surely have their names written in heaven. It may the the Apollyonic hosts that are net be the same name that we carried on earth. We may, through the incon- knows all the temptations that will assiderateness of parents, have a name that is uncouth, or that was afterward our last pulsation of the heart, and yet dishonored by one after whom we were called. I do not know that the 70 entrances of the names of the 70 disciples or Marathon or Thermopylae to equal to Nothing in the sack of gun powder logical table. It may not be the name by which we were called on earth, but it will be the name by which heaven will know us, and we will have it announced to us as we pass in, and we will know it so certainly that we will not have to be called twice by it, as in the Bible times the Lord called some people twice by name: "Saul, Saul!" "Samuel, Samuel!" "Martha, Martha!" When you come up and look for your name in the mighty tomes of eternity and you are so happy as to find it there, you will notice that the penmanship is

Christ's, and that the letters were wriften with a trembling hand-not trempassed three decades when he expired. It was soon after the thirtieth anniversary of his birthday. Look over all the business accounts you kept or the letters you wrote at 30 years of age, and if you were ordinarily strong and well then there was no tremer in the chirography. Why the tremor in the hand that wrote your name in heaven? Oh, it was a compression of more troubles than ever to all the weathers of Palestine. He had manship a puzzle. Alexandre Dumas No, no, screamed Aunt Nabby, was a hungry Christ. And nothing makes

ful of the company he keeps wants to be called the associate of profligates? But he was so called. What loyal man wants to be charged with treason? But he was charged with it. What man of devout speech wants to be called a blan phemer? But he was so termed. What man of self respect wants to be struck in the mouth? But that is where they struck him. Or to be the victim of the vilest expectoration? But under that he stooped. Oh, he was a worn out Christ

Many victims of crucifixion lived day after day upon the cross, but Christ was in the courtroom at 12 o'clock of noon, afternoon of the same day. Subtracting 'clock the time taken to travel from because your names are written in the courtroom to the place of execution and the time that must have been taken in getting ready for the tragedy, the two hours left. Why did Christ liv only two hours upon the cross, wi worn out before he got there! vonder, ch, child of God, that, looking every letter of your name, if it be your letter of your heavenly name, if that mark of a quivering pen, for did you be exactly alike and in one the acoustics mot, oh, man, years ago see your name may be good and in the other bad." so written on the back of a letter, and you opened it, saying, "Why, here is a letter from mother," or "Here is a letfied Lord wrote it there the day I repented and turned. Hear it! Hear My name is written there! There!" it you found all the words Plainly Written. old age were traced irregularly and un-certain, so that you could hardly read it at all? But after much study you es buoy, life-car and Lyle gun, schooner in distress.

his egotism or modesty, and the way it at all? But after much study you his his egotism or modesty, and the way it at all? But after much study you his heaven that we will be so many or as heaven that we will be as ing you how much they missed you, and height and depth of his emotions. It is ing you how much they missed you, and distinctly picked out and recognized as distinctly picked out and recognized as

much they wanted to see you, and if it might not be on earth that so it might be in the world where there are no partings. Yes, your name is written in neaven, if written at all, with trembling chirography. Again, in examination of your nam in the heavenly archives, if you find it there at all, you will find it written a signature that because of sickness or old age had a tremor in it, yet it was as bold as the man who wrote it. Many an order written on the battlefield and amid the thunder of the cannonade has had evidence of excitement in every word and every letter, and in the speed the officer as he put his foot in the swift stirrups, and yet that commander, notwithstanding his trembling hand, gives a boldness of order that shows itself in every word written. You do not need to be told that a trembling hand does not always mean a cowardly hand. It was with a very trembling hand Charles Carroll of Carrollton signed his name to the Declaration of American Independence, but no signer had more

ourage. And when some one said, "There are many Charles Carrolls, and it will not be known which one it is," he resumed the pen and wrote Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Trembling hand no sign of timidity! The daring and defiance seen in the way your name is written in heaven are a challenge to all earth and hell to come on if they can to defeat your ransomed soul.

The way your name is written there sublime expectation and consolation and crown and enthrone him. Nothing shall victory. We are told that in the heavenhe now lives to defeat my determination to keep him, to shelter him, to save him. By my Almighty grace I am going volumes are, nor the splendor of their binding, nor the number of their pages, strength of all heaven's principalities

Eternal Volumes.

Again, if, according to the promise of the text, you are permitted to look into the volumes of eternity and shall which he eats out whole paragraphs see your name there, you will find it written in lines, in words, in letters about indelible ink, but there is no unmistakable. Some people have come to consider indistinct and almost unreadable penmanship a mark of genius, and so they affect it. Because every grossments. But your name put in the paragraph that Thomas Chalmers and Dean Stanley and Lord Byron and Rutroubles assumed for others. Christ was fus Choate and other potent men wrote

scaked in the surf of Lake Galilee. Pil-lows for others, but he had not where their energies and through lack of time, to lay his head. Hungry, he could not lose the capacity of making the pen ineven get a fig on which to breakfast-or telligible, and much of the writing of have you missed the pathos of that this world is indecipherable. We have verse, "In the morning, as he returned seen piles of inexplicable chirography, unto the city, he hungered, and when and we ourselves have helped augment it and found nothing thereon?" Oh, he of the name signed, or the sentiment expressed, or whether the reply was affirmative or negative. Through indisorphans robbed of their inheritance, railread trains brought into collision through the dim words of a telegram put into the hand of a conductor, and regiments in this wise, mistaking their nstructions, have been sacrificed in I asked Bishop Cowie, in Auckland,

New Zealand, the bishop having been in many of the wars, what Tennyson, in his immortal poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," meant by the words,
"Some one had blundered," and the shop said that the awful carnage at Balaklava was the result of an indistinctly written and wrongly read military order. "Some one had blundered." But your name, once written in the Lamb's book of life, will be so unmistakable that all heaven can read it at the first glance. It will not be taken for the name of some other, so that in billions and quadrillions of the finally saved will doubt that it means you and only you. Oh, the glorious, the rapturous certitude of that entrance on the heavenly roll. Not saved in a promiscuous way. Not put into a glorified mob. No, no! Though you came up the worst body who knew you in this world at one time as absolutely abandoned and disso-lute should say, "I never heard of your conversion, and I do not believe you have a right to be here," you could just laugh a laugh of triumph, and turning over the leaves containing the names of self. That is my name, written out in writing? No young scribe of heaven en tered that. No anonymous writer put it there. Do you not see the tremor in the lines? Do you not also see the boldness of the letters? Is it not as plain as you der throne, as plain as yonder gate? Is not the name unmistakable and the handwriting unmistakable? The cruci-

I have sometimes been tempted to think that there will be so many of us was Abel when he entered from earth head of that long procession of sinners hearers, if we once get there I do not want it left uncertain as to whether we are to stay there. After you and I get home we do not want our title prove defective. We do not want to be ejected from the heavenly premises. We do no want some one to say: "This is not your room in the house of many mansions, and you have on an attire that you ought not to have taken from the heavenly wardrobe, and that is not really your name on the books. If you ing in the register at the gate, yo would have found that the name wa not yours at all, but mine. Now, mov wretchedness after once worshiping i heavenly temples to be compelled to turn your back on the music, and after to be forced to quit it forever, and after having clasped our long lost kindred in heavenly embrace to have another separation! What an agony would there b in such a goodby to heaven! Glory be to God on high that our names will be so plainly written in those volumes that archangel shall doubt it for one momen for so many. The oldest inhabitant of heaven can read it, and the child that left its mother's lap last night for heaver can read it. You will not just look at your name and close the book, but you will stand and soliloquize and say: "Is it not wonderful that my name is there get it there! Unworthy am I to have it in the same book with the sons and is the ink. It is red ink from Calvarean daughters of martyrdom and with is, and so plain the word and so plain

And you will turn forward and back your mother's name, and your brother's ame, and your sister's name, and your say: "I am not surprised that those names are here recorded. They were ment overwhelming, that my name is in you will stand and look at it until, seeing that others are waiting to examin names, you step back into the ranks of emed, with them to talk over

Again, if you are so happy as to find your name in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Go just before or just after the beginning of this century, and you will find that

Indelibly Written.

arged accordingly.

by contract.

perhaps guess wrongly. Old Time is represented as carrying a scythe, with which he cuts down the generations, question of time, the complete obliteraheavenly record, all the milleniums of heaven cannot dim it. After you have possess imperishable memory, you would have forgotten the day of your entrance, your name on that page will glow as vividly as on the instant it was traced there by the finger of the Great

There will be new generations coming

into heaven, and a thousand years from now, from this or from other planet, souls may enter the many mansioned residence, and, though your name were once plainly on the books, suppose it should fade out? How could you prove to the newcomers that it had ever been written there at all? Indelible! Incapable of being canceled! Eternity as help less as time in any attempt at erasure What a re-enforcing, uplifting thought! Other records in heaven may give out and will give out. There are records writes down our sins, but it is a book full of blots, so that much of the writ-ing there cannot be read or even guessed The recording angel did the writing, but our Saviour put in the blots, for did he not promise, "I will blot out their transgressions!" And if some one in heaven should remember some of our earthly iniquities and ask God about

them the Lord would say: "Oh, I for-got them! I completely forgot those sins, for I promised. Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.'" In the fires that burn up our world all the safety deposits, and all ord, and all the libraries will disappear, worse that when the 200,000 volumes and the 700,000 manuscripts of the regard to it there shall come to be dis-putation. Not one of the millions and Alexandrian library went down under the torch of Omar, and not a leaf or word will escape the flame in that last conflagration, which I think will be witnessed by other planets, whose in-habitants will exclaim: "Look! There is a world on fire." But there will be that will not destroy, but irradiate. I mean the conflagration of splendors that blaze on the towers and domes, and temples and thrones, and rubied and diamonded walls in the light of the sun

that never sets. Indelible!

There is not on earth an autograph letter or signature of Christ. The only time he wrote out a word on earth, though he knew so well how to write, he wrote with reference to having it soon shuffled out by human foot, the time that he stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground the hypocrisy of the Pharisees. But when he writes your name in the heavenly archives, as I believe he has or hope he may, it is to stay there from age to age, from cycle to cycle, from eon to eon. And so for all you Christian people I do what John G. Whittier, the dying poet, said he wanted done in his home. Lovely man he was! I sat with him in a haymow a whole summer afternoon and heard him tell the story of his life. He had for many years been troubled with insomnia and was a very poor sleeper, and he al-ways had the window curtain of his room up so as to see the first intimation of sunrise. When he was breathing his last, in the morning hour, in his home thought that the light of rising sun was too strong for him and so pulled the window curtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hand to have the curtain up. He wanted to depart in the full gush of the morning. And I thought it might be helpful and inspiring to all Christian souls to have more light about the future, and so I pull up the curtain in the glorious sunrise of my text and say, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven." Bring on your doxologies! Wave your palms! Shout your victories! Pull up all the curtains of bright expectations! Yea, hoist the window itself, and let the perfume of the "morning glories" of the king's garden come in and the music of harps all a-tremble with symphonies, and the sound of the surf of seas dashing to the foot of the

throne of God and the In Red Ink. But there is only one word on all this subject of divine chirography in heaven that confuses me, and that is the small adverb which St. John adds when he of seme "whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain." Oh, that awful adverb "not!" way all cleared between you and the the mighty volume. It is wide open. sacrifice. And there is the divine Scribe -the glorious Lord who wrote your fa ward the leaves and see other names name there. Will you consent that he there, perhaps your father's name, and do it? Before I say "Amen" to this ment for the tremendous action of your wife's name, and apostolic names, and will, for it is only an action of your will. Here some one says, "Lord Jesus, dipped in the red ink of Golgotha, write there either that which is now my earthly name or that which shall be my heavenly name or that which shall be my heavenly name." I pause a second longer, that all may consent. The pen of the divine Scribe is in the fingers and is lifted and is lowered, and it touches the shining page, and the word is traced in trembling and bold and un-

in the right place. And if there be in all this assembly a hopeless case, so called hopeless by your-self and others, I take the responsibility of saying that there is a place in that